



MAGAZINE

PRICE TWOPENCE

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FRONT COVER: *The Skipper*, by Gordon Ellis (Paints Division).

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Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen
Some Reflections on Public Speaking

By Rex Roberts (Plant Protection)

Behind the apparently casual ease with which the accomplished speaker plays upon the emotions of his audience lies a story of hard work and often not a few failures. Here Mr. Rex Roberts, himself a gifted speaker, gives some valuable do's and don'ts on the practice of this difficult art.

YEARS ago I was taking part, on behalf of the Liberal candidate, in a by-election in East Ham. I had started an impromptu open-air meeting on a street corner by borrowing a chair and a portrait of the candidate from a nearby committee room. The usual nightmare of an open-air speaker—no audience—was not my fate on this occasion. No sooner had I begun to speak than a number of beery voices invited me in unison to go home and cut myself a slice of cake. I strove against this clamour for four or five minutes and then had to give up.

Reluctantly I retired to the committee room, with the chair in one hand and the candidate's portrait in the other. As I did so I was approached by an amiable middle-aged woman who had been my one friend in the crowd. She was telling the men to shut up and behave themselves, and cuffing the heads of two small boys who tried to run off with the candidate's portrait. Now for a word of comfort, I thought. What she actually said, however, was "I am sorry you didn't have a better meeting, sir, but it was just the same with the Conservatives on this corner last night—and they had a proper speaker, they did!"



... I started on a street corner by borrowing a chair and a portrait of the candidate

I mention this painful incident lest anyone should think that, in offering a few hints on public speaking, I am suggesting that it has been a case, so far as my own efforts are concerned, of roses, roses all the way. In fact I doubt whether a single instance could be quoted of ease and effectiveness in public speaking being attained otherwise than by a great deal of practice and not a few failures.

First of all one must understand just what it is that the speaker at a meeting is expected to do. Why, since nearly everyone in this country can read, would not the same effect be achieved by distributing the same information in a printed report?

There are two answers to this. First, the speaker should be able to convey a warmth and a life to his words which the printed page lacks. He can call to his aid such devices as a change of emphasis, or of pace or volume. Secondly, if the corporate interest of his audience can be stimulated, the response of any one member of it will be quickened by the response of the others.

If you are invited to give a talk or have arranged one for yourself, there is a tacit assumption that you have it in you to stimulate useful thought and action in others. It is in that expectation or hope your audience will have come. You should therefore feel a great sense of responsibility to the audience and a great eagerness not to disappoint them. Fifty people, shall we say, have given up an hour of their time to listen to you; if you waste five minutes of it you have wasted fifty times five minutes. Unless you feel this sense of privilege and responsibility you ought never to address an audience as long as you live.

Do not think of public speaking as a means of expressing yourself. The object of your speaking in public is, as I have suggested before, not to show what an interesting or well-informed or amusing person you are but to move an audience in a desired direction. What will help you to achieve this? The answer is, above all, sincerity. If you are obviously, and without pretence, trying to talk to your brief as honestly and as plainly as you can, you will win the respect, if not the admiration, of your audience. If you try to be clever or superior or cheaply facetious you will quickly lose the interest of the better part of your audience.

Next you must be prepared, and thoroughly prepared. Do not imagine that the most naturally gifted speakers get up and let words drift from their mouths without preparation. If you

persist you will get an ease which conceals preparation and you will be able to improvise in an emergency, but the man who, however well he knows his subject, has not carefully planned a talk to a given audience is a fool. In particular, know just how you are going to begin and just how you are going to finish.

Remember that, just as speaking is a difficult thing, so listening is a difficult thing. If you were addressing the Oxford Union you might find that your points were taken almost before you had finished making them, but most audiences will be people of a practical rather than an academic turn of mind and their perceptions will be a little blunt. With such an audience it is a good rule to tell them what you are going to tell them, then tell them it, and finally tell them what you have told them.

Again, to help your audience you must have a clear thread of argument, with headings to the various sections of your talk that are easy to grasp. Another obvious point is that if you are going to be listened to with ease you must speak clearly and audibly. Responsibility, Sincerity, Preparedness, Clarity and Audibility—R.S.P.C.A. Observe these things and you may consider yourself a member of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Audiences.

Now for a little diversion. Let us turn from these high positive principles and go in imagination to a badly conducted meeting from which we may learn a few things to avoid. Imagine yourself in turn organiser, chairman, speaker, and proposer and seconder of the vote of thanks, at an agricultural meeting.

We are in the Corn Exchange, Pendlebury. Several minutes after the advertised time of starting the secretary begins to collect the five members of his platform party. The chairman has to be forcibly restrained from continuing to describe in detail to a member of the audience how very successfully he presided last week over another meeting for a totally different purpose; one of the speakers has left his notes in his



... and they had a proper speaker, they did

overcoat; another says he really does not want to go on the platform at all and has to be flattered and persuaded to do so; and the treasurer says if he is given a few more minutes he thinks there are one or two more annual subscriptions he can get in. Eventually, however, the platform party struggles and shambles on to the stage, when it is discovered that there are only four chairs for five people.

When this is put right the order of seating too seems wrong, and the principal orator, Mr. Agro, who should have been on the chairman's right, is on his extreme left and off the end of the table, so we know that he will have nowhere to balance his notes and probably, being furthest from the light, will find it very difficult to read them. The chairman is no whit distressed by this shaky start. In fact he does not want to start even now. He first tells us that on the way to the meeting he met Alderman So-and-so and feels sure we will be pleased to know that his rheumatism is distinctly better in spite of the weather of recent weeks.

How not to do it

Meanwhile Mr. Agro is making things worse. He does not know that it is at least polite to give an occasional look at the chairman, and that he should be ready to seize on any point that is relevant to the purpose of the meeting so that he can refer to it in his own remarks and thank the chairman for contributing it. He is fidgeting and fussing with his own notes, obviously bored. When eventually the chairman does call on him (by the wrong name) Mr. Agro does not grasp that just because some minutes of time have been wasted by the chairman it is all the more important that he should open his statement clearly and if possible arrestingly.

What he says is, "Well, now, ladies and gentlemen, as you will have gathered from what your chairman has already told you—and I entirely agree with him about the weather—I have been asked by your worthy secretary whom I happened to meet, I won't say where, on Thursday of last week, to say something to you about selective weedkillers, which I dare say many of you know as much about as I can tell you this evening."

After five minutes he finds that his notes, which he has put on pieces of paper of many different shapes and sizes, have got out of order and he begins reading from the *Brighton Herald* when he intended to be quoting from the *Farmers' Weekly*. When he does find the right cutting he has not taken the trouble to extract precisely what is relevant to the argument. His quotation begins a sentence too early and concludes with a sentence which is superfluous. Finally, after speaking for 27 minutes (which could with advantage have been 17) Mr. Agro concludes with the stirring phrase: "Well, ladies and gentlemen, I think that is about all I have to say and I hope it won't be such a wet evening next time I come to Pendlebury."

The chairman then calls on Mr. Groag. Neither he nor Mr. Agro has given Mr. Groag a good lead-in by mentioning the particular aspect of the subject that it has been agreed that he shall deal with. Mr. Groag himself further relaxes the grip which the speakers collectively should have on the audience by

relating as his opening gambit a story about an undertaker and a parrot which is not very funny anywhere, and at this meeting is entirely inappropriate as well. Mr. Groag has just stuck this story in because someone told him at his last meeting that his matter was rather heavy.

Then comes the questions. One questioner begins rather awkwardly, "I don't agree with Mr. Groag about so and so." Mr. Groag retorts, "I can't help whether our friend agrees with me or not; my answer is . . ." This leads to a rather heated supplementary from a questioner who is not hostile at all but is wrongly assumed to be so by a speaker who takes himself too seriously.

Question time over, the chairman calls on the secretary to propose a vote of thanks to Messrs. Agro and Groag. In fact the secretary only gets to his feet to announce the next three meetings of the society, and the treasurer, who seconds, only wishes to announce the impending annual deficit, so that the vote of thanks is never properly offered at all.

We have seen, in this imaginary report, some of the commoner faults of public meetings. The organiser has not had due regard to the physical comfort of the speakers, he has not made sure that chairman and speakers are clearly briefed and that each knows what the other is doing. The chairman has not realised that the opening of a meeting should be like a coal fire, bright and clear. The speakers have been diffuse and laboured, neither has had a theme easy to grasp and there has been no line of demarcation between them. Question time has not been used to advantage. Votes of thanks have been perfunctory and have not contributed to the purpose of the meeting.

Because the British are a long-suffering people George may have said to Joe as he went out, "Quite a good meeting." He will not know why it has not been a really good one, but he will not have the feeling of exhilaration that follows a meeting that has been really good.

Learn by example

One of the best ways of improving one's speaking style is to learn by example. Ask yourself at the close of a meeting why it was that A held the attention of the meeting and B let it go, though B had all the advantages of better presence and better education. Read reports of meetings, cases in the law courts, parliamentary debates. Take a pride in using as effectively as you can the unequalled range of vocabulary that the English speaker has, or can have, at his command.

Finally, do not be discouraged by failure, even by repeated failure. Plan as carefully as you may, put as much into your meeting as you can, and you will find that on a given evening the right words will not come, your audience will be restless and fidgety, your voice will be thin, your memory will play you some disagreeable tricks and you will leave your best points unmade. Never mind. All these things matter far less—they can be put right on another occasion—than that you should go home thinking how wonderful you have been. If you do that too often, if you become complacent, and think that to you it is all too easy, you are on your way to becoming a bore—and from that fate may heaven deliver you!

Out with your Camera

By Norman Vigars



A little extra thought and planning will enable you to take the picture that counts. Here Norman Vigars, well-known Fleet Street cameraman, gives some valuable tips.

THE British climate has, by all accounts plus our everyday experience, become a national headache. Its vagaries are particularly trying to the amateur and professional photographer.

Once again this summer the Leicas and box Brownies and all the other types of cameras are coming out of the cupboards. The circulation figures of the photographic journals go up as the long days get under way. This article is addressed to the amateur—beginner or advanced. Referring back to the first paragraph, plus the fact that photography has never been a cheap hobby, I want to string together a number of loosely connected jottings into a workable guide for getting the most out of your camera this summer. With a little thought and planning we can aim to turn those all-too-expensive rolls of film into an album of pictures worth showing your friends, or maybe some worthwhile entries for the winter exhibitions.

Good equipment is an asset but is not essential to making

satisfactory pictures. The Rolleiflex, Super Ikonta, Exakta or the various types of expensive 35 mm. miniatures are really only precision-made versions of much cheaper and humbler cameras—the basic twins, lens and shutter, being of the higher order.

I know that is like comparing a Rolls-Royce with a 1932 runabout—but they both get you there. What I am aiming at is that the roots of picture making lie in the millions of subjects that are there for the taking and not in the cameras focused on them. It is that little bit of extra thought in the approach to the picture that counts. So whatever your camera, once you know what its limits are, press on with the pictures and you will not have time to be envious of the chap next door with his shining chromed £150 outfit.

Accessories—a joyful word in the camera dealer's vocabulary—are very nice if you can afford them. A few are essential in the kit of a serious worker; some have an occasional

*Taken by the light of the flames**Close-up flashlight*

practical value, but many are quite useless. A lens hood is a "must." It keeps a lot of direct or reflected light from the lens which would otherwise flatten your negatives considerably. Later I shall refer to shooting into light, the hood again being indispensable.

A tripod, or one of the new camera clamps for fixing to a stationary object, is a great asset. I often find the tripod scorned by some amateurs. Camera shake is the cause of over 50% picture failures, so if the subject is static or you find you

are compelled to use a speed of less than a 10th of a second—get a tripod. Even pressmen use them when they can.

There are over forty different light filters available for correcting colour in your pictures. Many of these are only intended for scientific or research photography and a lot more come under my previous references to superfluous gadgets. Three are quite sufficient to start with—an orange or medium yellow, a medium red and a green.

Your two main factors are exposure and focus. A fixed-focus box camera has a lens of small aperture with consequent depth of focus to give reasonable sharpness at distances beyond three yards. A camera where the lens moves to and fro on an indicated scale (usually by rotation of lens mount in its thread) is not difficult to handle once you have mastered judging distances. Pacing, or practice with a rule on predetermined points, will soon get this problem solved. You must, of course, take greater care on your distances when using larger apertures.

Expose for the shadows

Exposure—that correct balance of lens aperture to shutter speed—is also a question of practice. I can do little more than repeat that old saying, "expose for the shadows and the high-lights will look after themselves."

A reminder on the simple principles: a moving object demands a high shutter speed and as much stop (or aperture) as light will permit. A static subject, where needle sharpness may be required—smallest stop commensurate with a longer exposure. Another good thing to get used to is what is known as the law of reciprocity. This means that to all intents and purposes a shutter speed of 100th of a second at aperture $f/8$ is equivalent to a 50th of a second at $f/11$, and so on up and down the scale. I would point out to the experts that I used the phrase "to all intents and purposes." But enough of matters technical.

Some photographers are not happy unless each camera day brings at least one bird's-eye and one worm's-eye view. This can be overdone, but quite a lot of amateurs are reluctant to climb a tree or even get up on a chair when snapshotting.

Walk round your subject if it is to be a close-up and see if you cannot find an alternative to the stereotyped straight-on shot. The children rolling about on the lawn might look more interesting if, instead of crouching down with them, you looked down from a first-floor window. That lightning-struck tree, with the evening cross-light bringing out in relief the bare grain of the trunk, looks interesting; lie down and see how it appears on the skyline—the darker skyline if possible.

A simple picture is the one of the limber gunner cleaning one of the Royal Horse Artillery's ceremonial guns. The polished muzzle and recoil mechanism have been made to look bold and to dominate the picture by a normal low angle plus (and this is really cheating) a deliberate tilt on the camera. Try tilting off centre just for fun on quite an ordinary subject. You may be surprised.

Look out wherever you go for shadow patterns. These frequently make a little drama out of the commonplace. Railings, arches, doorways, cartwheels—there are dozens of potential shadow subjects. A fairground will give you a wealth of such material.

For the best effects in either shadows or cross-lighting the sun must be low in the sky. So the most interesting time for any outdoor photography is shortly after sunrise or before sunset—but particularly after sunrise. Even in industrial towns the summer morning air is remarkably clear. Besides, you can work methodically and quietly on picturesque studies before the rest of the world is dashing about.

One more recap on shadows. The silhouette is often noticed by the photographer but is ignored on the grounds of "shooting into the light." As long as the main source of light is concealed, the rim lighting plus the long shadows that this type of picture produces are very pleasing.

An amateur photographer's favourite victims are usually his own family. But whether it be your wife or a character study of the old crossing sweeper, remember you are not handling a paid model.

Kindness and coaxing must go hand in hand with the usual patience necessary in all photography. You can soon be the dominant factor in the picture making if you gain the confidence of your subject. One of the easiest ways to do this is to work fast. Keep talking while focusing and adjusting the camera, for there is nothing worse than a long, silent gap in the proceedings.

The picture of the urchin Guy Fawkes was made on a wet night in Camden Town at the end of a three-hour search for that type of character picture. By telling the boy a quite ridiculous story about the original Guy Fawkes his own high-spirited giggle did the rest. While on this picture I will make a few references to the use of flashlights.

Even the cheaper cameras are now being fitted with shutters which will operate synchronised flash guns. Bulbs are very expensive (about three for the price of a roll of film), but an odd one occasionally will certainly make indoor or night photography an even more exciting game. Remember that there is a great deal of concentrated light even in the smallest bulb, so stop well down for close-up work. The urchin Guy Fawkes was a flash picture taken very close—about 1½ yards—from a low angle with the black sky behind. Another tip—synchro sunlight as the Americans call it, or flash in bright daylight, can also be very effective. Put on a filter, shoot low and get your subject's head just obscuring the sun. The combination of the two light sources does the rest.

Flashlight for children

Flashlight is also good for capturing the natural expressions of children. It is best to get your picture first time, and not only in the interests of economy; children start waiting for the flash after they have seen one go off. The ideal situations for children are either sunlight or, if indoors, photofloods set up fairly high and left on until the little ones have got used to them. They should then go on playing and make the pictures for you.

Never attempt any kind of fire, welding or gas jet picture with flashbulbs. The bulb kills all lights weaker than its own. I fell down on a job once when taking a picture of a famous silversmith fashioning a piece of plate that was to be of national significance. He was using a large gas blow torch and the whole thing looked most impressive. It took me several

*Tilting off centre**Shooting into the light*

seconds to realise what had happened when I looked at the negative and the flameless nozzle that he was clutching.

One final word, also in the interests of economy. Get used to "reading" your negatives. Do not have everything printed that you take. Pick the best with care and have decent size prints made—at least 8 in. × 6 in.—and forget the accumulation of those fiddling little contact prints.

Now, get out your camera—and good shooting!

Information Notes

THE CHAIRMAN'S SPEECH AT THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

The Company's Annual General Meeting was held in London on 19th June and some sixty shareholders attended. The Chairman's speech has received wide publicity. He pointed out that the increased dividend of 13%—1% higher than last year—was still less in terms of purchasing power than the 8% paid for several years before and during the war. As regards the future, there had been a change from anxiety about raw materials to anxiety about markets.

The Company, said Mr. Rogers, has again broken records, both in turnover and in profits. It is true that some part of the increase in turnover is due to rising prices, but the physical volume of turnover has also increased to record levels.

Just as part of the increase in money turnover is due to rising prices, so part of the increased trading profit is due to this cause. There is room for differences of opinion among experts as to how profits should be computed and shown in accounts when part of the surplus which is brought out by normal accountancy methods is represented by the increased carrying prices of stocks of raw materials and finished products. The course which the Directors have followed is to leave the methods of stock valuation unchanged but to make a special appropriation out of net profits of a sum roughly equal to the increased holding values of stocks at the year end due to increased prices and costs.

In so far as it requires more cash to hold the stocks which are needed to carry on our business, the part of the profits absorbed by these increased holding values should not, in our opinion, be treated as a profit available for distribution but should be set aside as a necessary retention of the additional working capital required. For these reasons the Board decided that a sum of £7,000,000 should be transferred to the Stock Replacement Reserve, which will then stand at £11,000,000. If in future years prices do not continue to rise further provisions of this kind will be unnecessary, and if prices fell it would be quite proper to bring part of this reserve back into the Profit and Loss Appropriation Account.

For the replacement of fixed assets the Directors have followed the course adopted in 1950 of charging against profits depreciation based upon the Company's manufacturing assets as revalued and of making a further provision out of profits towards the full cost of replacement. The sum of £5,000,000, which has been appropriated out of the net profits for the year 1951 for transfer to the Obsolescence and Replacement of Assets Reserve, is the same amount as that provided for 1950.

These appropriations to the Stock Replacement Reserve and to the Obsolescence and Replacement of Assets Reserve have

been made in order to guard the physical volume of the Company's assets from the ravages of inflation, and the Board consider that only after such transfers have been made is there a balance of profit available for distribution and the further building up of the Company's reserves. As the accounts show, it is possible to make these provisions for the year 1951, to pay a final dividend of 10% on the ordinary stock, making 13% for the year, and still to leave a small increase in the balance on the Profit and Loss Appropriation Account.

It is the considered opinion of the Directors that, after full provision has been made for the proper maintenance of the productive assets of the Company, stockholders should be given, by way of increased dividends, some part of the increased profits due to the progressive expansion of the Company. The total ordinary dividend for 1951, 13% before taxation, is still smaller in purchasing power than the dividend of 8% paid for a number of years before and during the war. Wage earners and salary earners get increases which help to compensate them for the increased cost of living, and it is not unreasonable to consider stockholders in the same way. A large number of the Company's ordinary stockholders are persons of small means, and the increase in cost of living brings hardship to them as well as to wage and salary earners, and the Board do not subscribe to the doctrine, popular in some circles, that ordinary stockholders in large companies are entitled only to some fixed dividend, regardless of the results of the Company's operations. Those who support the Company with their savings are entitled to share in the Company's prosperity.

I referred last year to the unsuccessful application which was made to the Capital Issues Committee in April 1951 to capitalise a substantial part of the Company's reserves by the issue to stockholders of shares credited as fully paid in order to bring the share capital more into line with its true value. No attempt has yet been made to renew this application, but the Directors propose to raise the matter again when conditions are suitable.

The Company's existing authorised capital of £95,000,000

has now been issued with the exception of some £270,000, and the Board are therefore recommending the stockholders at this meeting to pass a resolution increasing this authorised capital to £120,000,000. The stockholders are also being asked to approve an amendment of the Company's Articles of Association which will give the Directors power to decide, at the appropriate time, in what form any new share capital should be issued. I do want to emphasise, however, that these are formal steps and that the Board have no present intention of issuing any part of this new authorised capital.

As you all know, a further offer of shares was made to stockholders in February, one ordinary share of £1 each being offered at the price of 40s. 6d. for every £6 of ordinary stock already held. The success of the issue, notwithstanding the adverse conditions which existed in the early months of 1952, is a tribute to the loyalty of our stockholders and an indication of the high reputation which the Company holds among investors generally. Our thanks are also due to the Company's stockbrokers and bankers, whose efforts contributed materially to the success of the issue.

Important and Profitable Schemes

As you will have seen from the Report, the Company's record for 1951 is one of outstanding progress. That progress continues, and the Directors have before them no shortage of important and profitable schemes of expansion and development in which the Company's resources can be employed. Many of these schemes arise from years of patient and well-directed research. The programme of capital extensions for the next two or three years, however, will have to be held back, in part, at any rate, because of the shortage of essential equipment and building resources for which, quite properly, priority is being given to rearmament.

Exports are as important, or almost as important, as rearmament. The Company's direct exports are now running at well over a million pounds a week. In addition to the Company's direct exports, it has to be remembered that a substantial proportion of our products goes to other industries which are producing for export. For this reason it is in the interests of the country, as well as of the Company, that our capital programme should be pressed forward with no more delay than is absolutely necessary during the present crisis conditions. Another reason for pressing on with this programme is that we must keep ahead of foreign competition.

I have said that we have no shortage of important and profitable proposals for capital expenditure. Indeed, the Board have been aware for some time of the need to be selective and to concentrate upon those projects for which the Company is particularly well placed, having regard to its accumulated experience and its large and specialised research and development organisation. The Company's forward capital programme is therefore under constant review.

So far as our future trading prospects are concerned, I should be unwise if I attempted any prophecy today. 1952 has brought new problems to some industries which a year or two ago were having difficulty in finding enough materials and labour to cope with an excessive demand, but which today are unable to find adequate markets either at home or overseas for

their output. The setback in the textile industries, for example, is not a problem peculiar to this country but is world-wide, and this setback inevitably affects the demand for dyestuffs. For other industries there has been similar change from anxiety about raw materials to anxiety about markets. Nevertheless it is difficult to interpret these signs as foreshadowing a general depression. So far in 1952 we have not been seriously affected by these conditions and our turnover has been satisfactory, notwithstanding the resurgence of German and Japanese competition.

The Directors remain, however, keenly alive to the need to watch changes in trading conditions, both at home and overseas, and to adapt ourselves quickly to these conditions. We are fortunate in that our business is so widely spread and covers such varied products that we are liable to be less generally affected by adverse conditions compared with those industries whose activities are concentrated on a smaller range of products. Nevertheless we have to be watchful all the time and prepared to meet increasing competition in various parts of the world.

I am confident that we can meet this competition and that we shall continue to expand our business in spite of the obstacles to expansion placed in our way and in the way of other progressive companies in the form of penal taxation, which seems almost to have been designed to encourage stagnation and to prevent progress. I refer in particular to the new Excess Profits Levy. The chairmen of almost all important companies who have had the opportunity of making public statements since the announcement of this levy have condemned it as a most unwise piece of legislation which cannot fail to do great harm to Britain's trade and industry, and I am in complete agreement with this condemnation. Whatever the yield of this tax and whatever its purpose in terms of party politics, this tax, even in its modified form, will do much more harm than good to the country, and it is bound to hit hardest those progressive companies whose activities are most likely to assist the country to get out of its present economic troubles, particularly those engaged in the export trade.

Loyal Employees

Finally, let me turn from this unpleasant subject of taxation to the happier one of our own internal relationships within the Company. I am glad to say that relations between management and workers throughout our vast organisation remain excellent. As the Directors' Report indicates, we have been able to extend the system of payment by results based upon work study and have had many important discussions with the trade unions on this subject. The success and prosperity of a company such as ours depend not only upon the leadership which can be given by the management and the inspired research of its scientists but also upon the steady and hard work of loyal employees of every kind. One of our most important tasks is to assure ourselves that our workers are being fairly treated and are satisfied with their working conditions.

We owe the success of 1951 to our staff and workers of all ranks, from the top management downwards, and in paying them this tribute we are confident of their whole-hearted support in the future.

TREETOPS HOTEL

By D. J. Perry (African Explosives and Chemical Industries Ltd.)

Treetops Hotel in Kenya hit the headlines when the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh stayed there last February. Here is an account of the fascination of watching big game by artificial moon-light, with photographs taken by Miss M. E. Petley of Nobel House. The hotel costs 225s. for one person for one night, but all charges are remitted if rhino, elephant or buffalo are not seen!

"TREETOPS" is in the forest of the Aberdare Mountains, about ten miles from Nyeri, which is almost due north of Nairobi. Parties of ten visitors are collected in the early afternoon at the Outspan Hotel in Nyeri and in the care of a white hunter are driven in a safari car up into the hills to within about half a mile of "Treetops." The atmosphere is quickly set by the white hunter, who lowers his voice to a theatrical whisper and, with a rifle at the ready, cautiously leads the way on foot up the hill along a narrow path winding through high bush. Still speaking in the same hoarse whisper, he shepherds the party past uprooted trees and damaged bush—ample evidence of the presence of elephants, which are the highspot of the area.

All along the half-mile path one sees rough-and-ready ladders against the adjoining trees, offering refuge in case an inquisitive rhinoceros, elephant or buffalo should care to investigate the movement of humans. The "hotel" is reached by climbing a rather rickety ladder. One then settles down for the remainder of the day and the night to watch the game at the watering pool below.

"Treetops" has been in existence for about twenty years, although a great many modifications have been made to the original platform. During the whole of this time salt has been regularly added to a shore of the pool, and it is now a first-class salt lick from the animals' point of view. The construction of the "hotel" is ingenious, and full advantage has been taken of the lie of individual branches. There are ten beds complete with sheets and blankets, electric light, washrooms, toilets, a kitchen and a bar. For cold nights there is even a fireplace in the sitting room.

We reached "Treetops" at about 3.30 in the afternoon. Within a quarter of an hour a herd of thirty-three elephants appeared and spent over an hour drinking and turning up the salt lick. Four water hogs, a few water buck and bush buck, together with a school of baboons, appeared before dusk. After dusk at about 7.30 p.m. a herd of eleven buffalo could just be distinguished.

Until recently visits to "Treetops" were only paid during full moon, but an ingenious floodlight has now been installed



A herd of elephant photographed at four o'clock in the afternoon as they approach the salt lick near the hotel. A baby elephant is just visible behind its mother in the foreground.

with a very sensitive control. This allows the operator gradually to illuminate the salt lick with diffused light, and the intensity of the light can be increased so slowly that the animals are not scared away.

We saw a herd of cow elephants with a number of small calves between 9 and 10 o'clock. They were later joined by a herd of over thirty buffalo and four rhino. The white hunter gleefully informed the party that it was very rare to see elephant, rhino and buffalo on the lick together. There was obviously a certain amount of ill feeling between the groups, but their interest in the salt was such that there were no distinct altercations.

Many of the party stayed up most of the night, but I retired to one of the excellent beds and was wakened early in the morning to see a solitary bull rhinoceros peacefully licking

away at the salt. A school of baboons endeavouring to disturb his solitude caused a very amusing fracas.

There was a temporary panic among the guests in the morning, as during the small hours a bushbaby had climbed the tree, entered the building and stolen a set of false teeth belonging to one of the visitors. The native cook, who seemed to have experienced this sort of thing before, quickly found the teeth hidden away, wrapped in the owner's handkerchief at the back of a shutter. While waiting for breakfast to be prepared the white hunter detailed off one of the visitors to employ a boy's catapult and a tin of stones in an endeavour to intimidate the baboons, who were trying to steal from the table.

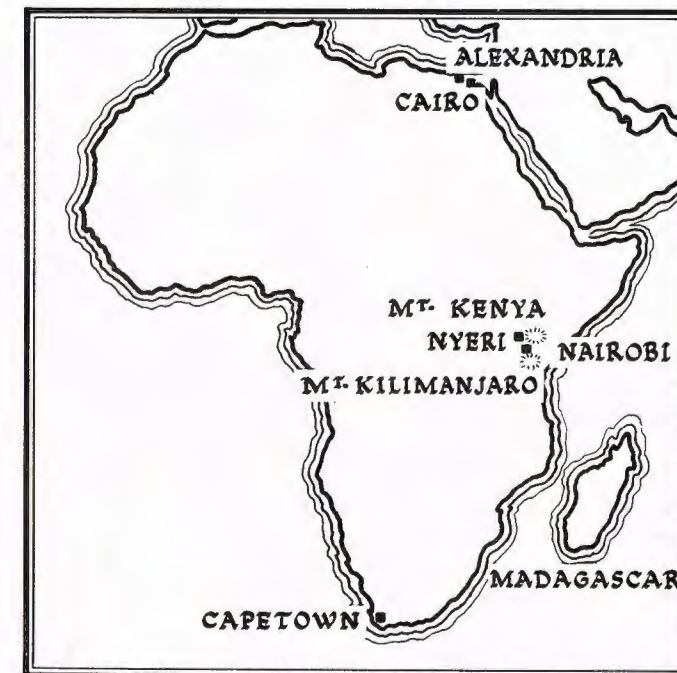
After breakfast we returned to Nyeri well pleased with the expedition.



The African baboon, a frequent visitor to the hotel, against whose depredations the most stringent precautions have to be taken



The luggage arrives by pulley at the hotel 30 ft. above the ground in the branches of a giant fig tree



MILDEW-PROOFING OF SAILS

Contributed by Dyestuffs Division

Science has come to the aid of the yachtsman to produce a chemical which will protect sails against the serious menace of rot by mildew. Mr. Humphrey Barton, who sailed the Atlantic single-handed in 1950, pays warm tribute to the I.C.I. process in his book Vertue XXXV.

THE ease with which mildew can develop and the troubles which are attendant on its formation are well known to all yachtsmen, and an anti-mildew treatment of sailcloth based on alum and sugar of lead has been used for many years in an endeavour to prevent this trouble. While the use of sugar of lead and alum is not without effect, extensive research work on anti-mildew agents has led to the discovery of more effective chemical compounds. The British Cotton Industry Research Association (the Shirley Institute) in the course of a long-term investigation on the prevention of mildew in cotton cloth examined 161 different compounds which had anti-septic properties. As a result of this prolonged research the Shirley Institute discovered that a substance called salicyl anilide most closely satisfied the requirements of an ideal antiseptic for use on cotton. The technical development and manufacture of salicyl anilide were then taken over by Dyestuffs Division and marketed under the name 'Shirlan.'

Mildew does not in general develop rapidly on pure cotton unless conditions are particularly favourable, since fungi in the early stages of development require only comparatively simple foods. Unbleached cotton, however, is more likely to be attacked, since it also contains a small proportion of

sugar-like substances and natural waxes—a simpler form of food which enables the mould growth to become established.

When the mould growth acquires a virile state it starts to feed on the cotton fabric itself. Unlike the common forms of vegetation, light is not necessary for the growth of fungi, and the forms of mildew which cause most damage and loss when they occur on cotton flourish more freely in dark, damp conditions. If, in addition, a favourable temperature is maintained, the development of mildew is rapid. Once mildew has set in, although its spread may be stopped and further damage prevented, there is no cure for the damage which has already been caused.

A hatch containing damp sails which are made of unbleached cotton provides an ideal incubation chamber for mildew development. Sails stowed in a soaked condition may initially contain too much water to encourage strong mildew attack, but as they dry they pass through a stage where the amount of moisture is just right for growth.

While 'Shirlan' can be applied alone to sail canvas, experience has shown that the durability of the treatment can be

increased if the 'Shirlan' application is combined with a water-repellent treatment. For the latter purpose Dyestuffs Division market 'Dipsanil V,' an aqueous dispersion of paraffin wax and aluminium salts, and a combined 'Shirlan/Dipsanil V' process has been successfully applied on a wide scale, not only to canvas for sailmaking but also to completed suits of sails.

To be absorbed effectively by the fabric during application 'Shirlan' must be very slightly soluble in water. This slight solubility causes it to be slowly leached out of the canvas by rain and heavy seas, but the addition of 'Dipsanil V' slows down the leaching process and prolongs the effectiveness of the treatment. Moreover, the water-repellent properties of 'Dipsanil V,' while not preventing the sail from becoming wet, reduce

appreciably the amount of water held by the canvas. Consequently in bad weather the canvas carries the minimum amount of water.

This treatment gives adequate protection for one season. Already hundreds of suits of sails, coloured with fast dyestuffs from Dyestuffs Division and processed by the 'Shirlan/Dipsanil V' method, are in use all along the south and south-east coast of Great Britain, and the use of these treatments is rapidly extending. When the Queen was presented with the Dragon class boat *Bluebottle*, among the yacht's sails was a suit which had been dyed with Dyestuffs Division colours and then protected against mildew by the 'Shirlan/Dipsanil V' process.



VERTUE XXXV, a Bermudan sloop, the smallest vessel that has ever crossed the Atlantic Ocean from east to west

The story of

LEATHERCLOTH

The largest leathercloth plant in the world is at Hyde Factory near Manchester, where up to 70,000 yards of 'Rexine' and 'Vynide' can be turned out in a day. Some remarkable photographs taken under actual working conditions give the story of how this is done.

Photographed by E. D. Hess

IN the making of leathercloth at Hyde, as in the best conjuring tricks, the swiftness of the hand deceives the eye. The whole process of coating cloth with plastic or nitrocellulose is carried out with such effortless speed that it appears as simple as spreading butter on bread. But this impression does less than justice to the people who man the largest leathercloth plant in the world and can produce up to 70,000 yards of 'Rexine' and 'Vynide' a day.

For 'Rexine,' which I.C.I. and its predecessors have been making for more than half a century, the coating applied to the cloth is made from nitrocellulose. For 'Vynide,' evolved since the last war, the coating is made from the plastic polyvinyl chloride, or p.v.c.

The story of both brands really begins with the arrival at Hyde of the 'greycloth,' as it is called. The weave and composition of the greycloth depend on the grade of leathercloth to be made. But whether it is cotton or a cotton-rayon mixture it arrives unbleached and undyed, and it may contain any number of tiny faults and cotton seeds. From its unglamorous appearance you would never guess that in 24 hours' time it may be masquerading as tapestry, crocodile, crimson morocco, or any one of the almost innumerable grades of leathercloth that are sent from Hyde to the four corners of the world.

To equip it for this future it is given, first of all, a singe, a shave and a shampoo. First it is whisked past a row of gas jets, which singe off any projecting hairs without damaging the cloth. Then it is drawn across a knife-edge, which shaves off cotton seeds and any other projections. The shampoo, in a bath of hot water, washes out the size used in the original manufacture of the cloth. In a similar machine it is passed back and forth in a bath of dye until it is uniformly the colour of the paste that will be spread on it. And finally it is mangled and dried.

This barber's shop treatment might seem a luxury for cloth which is going to be covered by several layers of coloured coating. But they know from experience

at Hyde that nothing affects the final quality of the leathercloth so much as the preparation of the greycloth. A cotton seed which seems like a molehill at this stage becomes a mountain after receiving ten or twelve successive coatings of nitrocellulose.



POWDERED PIGMENTS for leathercloth are ground in roller mills and mixed with oil before being added to the cellulose mixture which forms the coating of 'Rexine' leathercloth



GREYCLOTH BEING DYED. *Greycloth is the trade name for the coarse cotton fabric which is the basis of leathercloth. It is here being passed through a bath of dye as it is wound from one roller to another.*



AFTER DYEING THE CLOTH IS STRETCHED *back to shape, and at the same time is dried by passing over heated rollers.*



CHECKING THE GREYCLOTH FOR DEFECTS *is an important operation. Every yard is carefully examined by women workers, who pick out and smooth down with a steel comb any unevenness in the fabric of the cloth.*



THE FIRST LAYER OF CELLULOSE COATING—*of a toffee-like consistency—is applied to the dyed cloth. The job of the operator is to keep up the supply of cellulose in the spreading machine so that the cloth is covered with an adequate coating as it passes under the spreading knife. He is here seen holding a palette knife with which he has just added some more cellulose to the machine.*

So far the emphasis has been on machinery. But after coming off the "stenter," in which it is cunningly stretched back to shape and dried, the cloth passes to a roomful of women workers called "hand-pickers." They inspect every inch of the cloth, cutting out any faults or lumps that have survived previous processes and making good the patch with a few strokes of a steel comb. For this final scrutiny their hands and eyes are better than any machinery yet devised.

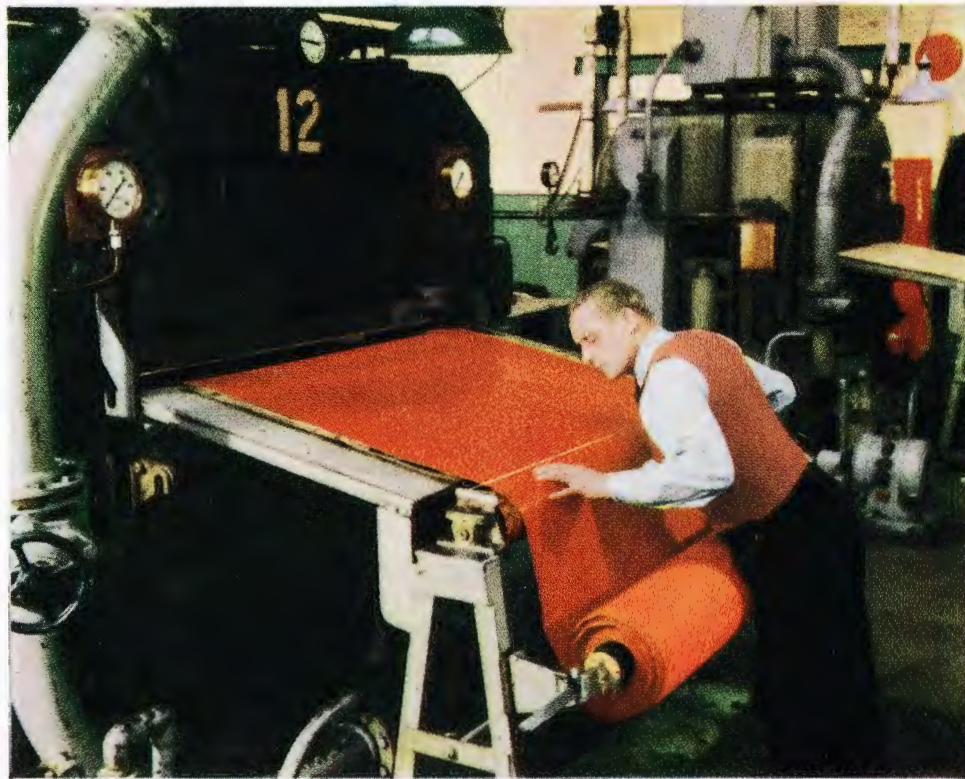
Several of the hand-pickers have husbands, sons or daughters in other departments—Hyde Factory is something of a family affair, they tell you with pride. And so it is in a broader sense, for it depends on I.C.I. "relatives" for its raw materials. From Nobel Division comes the nitrocellulose for the 'Rexine' coating. From Plastics Division comes the 'Corvic' brand polyvinyl chloride for the 'Vynide' coating. And from Dye-stuffs Division come the pigments that give colour to both 'Rexine' and 'Vynide.'

The nitrocellulose is mixed with solvents in a row of vats, and from a cotton-woolly, sodden mass is transformed into a

liquid like clear soup which is, in fact, liquid celluloid. In the early days of the leathercloth industry scrap celluloid, such as old cinema film and knife handles, was dissolved and used for coating. Now there are many grades of nitrocellulose—some made from cotton linters and some from wood pulp—and each supplies the coating for a different grade of 'Rexine.'

Powder pigments, triple-ground and mixed with synthetic oils, supply the colour for the coatings. Scooping a little paste from this bin and a little from that, the experts in the colour department can blend the primary colours to any shade in the spectrum. They have formulated many thousands of colours over the years, but every day new ones are being asked for—perhaps to match a scrap of cloth or an enamelled bicycle component—and a naturally sharp eye for colour, allied to long experience, enables the experts to blend a new shade in a remarkably short time.

The colour paste is mixed thoroughly with the nitrocellulose solution or p.v.c. paste by machinery, and the coatings are now ready to be spread on the cloth. The 'Rexine' coating



EMBOSSING THE LEATHERCLOTH. Unfinished leathercloth, as the cellulose-coated greycloth may now be called, is next embossed with a grain or pattern to make it look like leathercloth. The cloth is fed, a section at a time, into a heavy press which stamps the pattern under hydraulic pressure and heat. The embossed section is then wound on to a cylinder after examination.



INSPECTION OF FINISHED 'REXINE,' which is passed slowly over a frame from one roller to another so that flaws can be detected. At the same time it is measured.

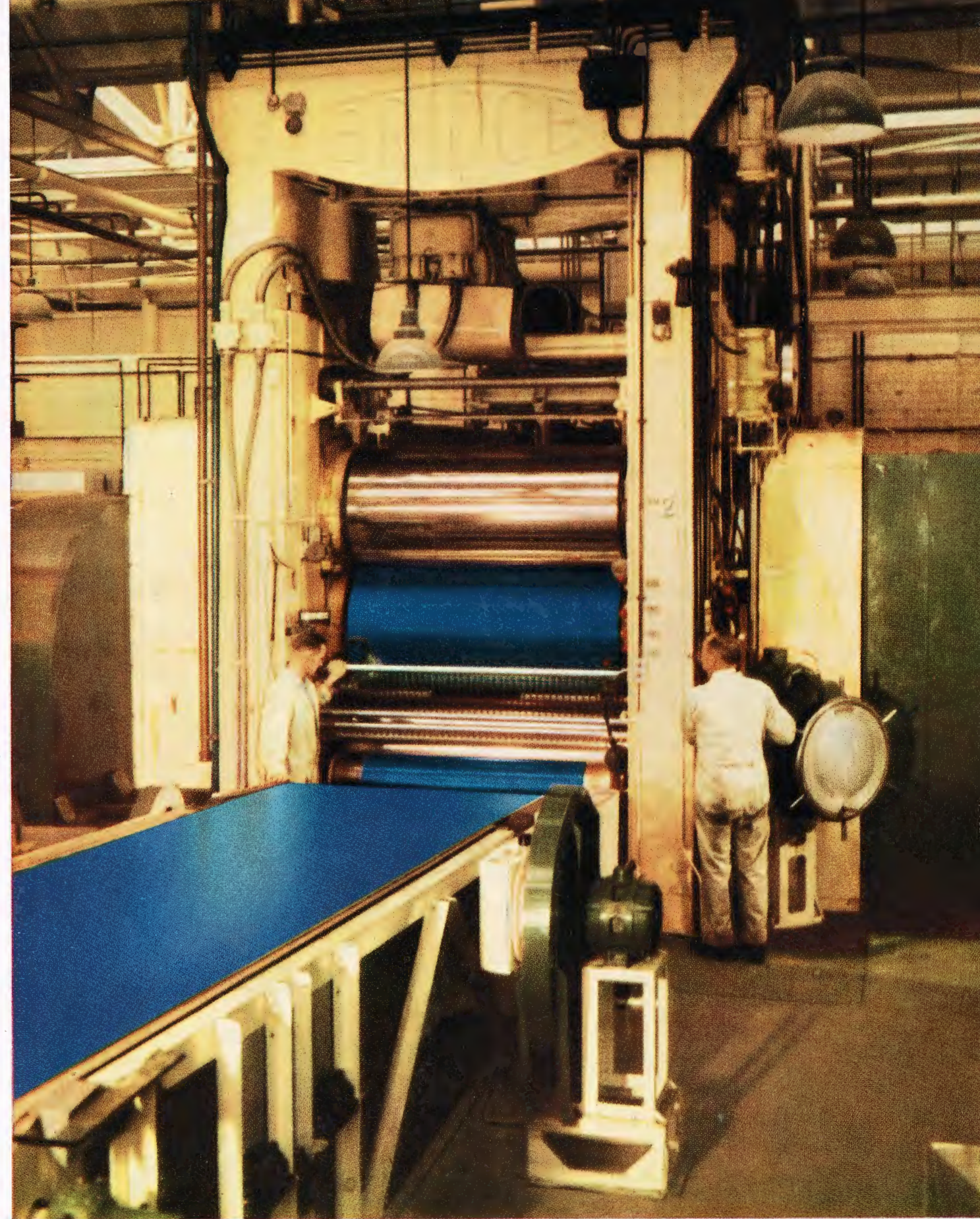
has to be applied to the cloth in several layers, like so much paint, each layer being dried. This is called spreading. 'Vynide' can also be made in this way, but more often the paste, of a dough-like consistency, is rolled on—a process known as calendering.

A battery of spreading machines spreads the 'Rexine,' each machine handling up to 1000 yards of cloth at a time. The cloth passes under a blade, collecting a perfectly uniform thin coating of coloured paste. Before it has reached the far end of the long machine the coating is almost dry, and the cloth is pleated neatly under the machine, to await a second, and a third, and sometimes up to a twelfth coating.

There are only two 'Vynide' calenders. They are Goliaths 15 feet high, obviously sources of great pride to the teams that operate them. From between their vast polished steel rollers emerge seemingly endless belts of coated fabric, the result of bringing together the cloth and a sheet of p.v.c. coating under heat and pressure. The pre-heated cloth is fed to the machine from beneath the floor, while the p.v.c. comes in as a continuous extruded band.

It is in the embossing department that the leathercloth receives its final stamp of character. The choice of which engraved steel roller it passes under decides whether it is in the guise of pig, goat, buck, calf, morocco or any other imaginable hide or skin that it goes out into the world, or whether its colour shall be enhanced with a modern geometric design. The larger part of the output is coloured and embossed to imitate leather, because that is what users demand. But 'Rexine' and 'Vynide' are also made in a range of gay colours which proclaim that leathercloth has merits enough of its own to need no disguise. And at the present time experiments are going on at Hyde into the colour-printing of 'Vynide' and 'Rexine' with designs that have been specially commissioned for the purpose.

M.J.D.



THE MAKING OF 'VYNIDE.' Two main features distinguish 'Vynide' from its elder brother 'Rexine'—(i) it is coated with the plastic p.v.c. instead of cellulose, (ii) the entire coating is applied under heat and pressure in one operation. Here is one of the giant machines, tended by a team of five men, which is capable of turning out 12,000 yards of 'Vynide' a day. The 'Vynide' passes next to the embossing and finishing sections.

BOWLS IN THE PAST

By J. N. Hickson (Salt Division)

Bowls has fought its way to respectability. At one time banned as the despised game of the taverns and the root of gambling, it became in the reign of Henry VIII the fashionable pastime of the great houses, and thus won a warm place in the hearts of Englishmen never to be lost.

It is today difficult to believe that bowls, which is held in high esteem by millions of British enthusiasts, was for centuries frowned upon by the law and usually avoided by the respectable and religious classes. The history of bowls shows that the game largely owed the growth of its early popularity to the taverns and hostelrys which provided bowling-greens and skittle alleys for their patrons, who gambled on the game and thus brought it into disrepute.

The evils associated with the bowling-green or alley in those days were condemned by contemporary observers, one of whom, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, noted that some bowlers spent so much time in playing the game and gambled so recklessly that "their wives and children cry out for bread."

Bowls, in fact, attracted the displeasure of the ruling authorities, and in 1366 Edward III forbade the playing of the game. Richard II and other English kings enacted further legislation prohibiting bowls along with other sports which they deemed undesirable.

By an Act which came into force during the reign of Henry VIII, those owning land with an annual value of £100 might apply for a licence to play the game on their private greens. A fine of 6s. 8d. was, however, imposed on anyone found indulging in the pastime outside the confines of his own garden or orchard. Bowling in public was entirely banned, and artificers, labourers, apprentices, servants and the like were granted the meagre concession of playing at Christmastime, provided this was done within the precincts of their master's house and under his eye. It is doubtful, however, to what extent this repressive legislation succeeded in curbing the activities of bowlers, for it seems that the game was much played during the reigns

of Mary and Elizabeth. Francis Quarles (1592-1644) was able to issue the challenge:

"Who breathes that bowls not? What bold tongue can say,

Without a blush, he hath not bowled today?"

A more practical reason for restricting the playing of bowls was probably that the time and energy devoted to it detracted from the pursuit of archery, on the proficiency of which, before the advent of gunpowder and in times when wars were frequent, the country's security largely depended.

Into such dishonour had the game fallen, however, that the repressive legislation directed against it was continued long after the bow and arrow had been superseded by gunpowder and firearms as the chief means of waging wars. In fact, it was not until 1845 that the law withdrew its restrictive hand, leaving the game free to develop into the honourable pastime it has now become.

But the monarchs who banned the playing of the game to their subjects did not always impose the same restrictions on themselves. Henry VIII was fond of the game, and liked to exercise his skill in the privacy of Whitehall Palace. Another royal enthusiast was Charles I, who played the game for high stakes. It is recorded that on one occasion the ill-fated monarch lost as much as £1000 to a merchant named William Shute (or Shutt). Charles I is said to have been playing a game of bowls at the time of his arrest, and he was allowed to indulge in the pastime during his captivity.

During the reign of Henry VIII it became the fashion for the great houses to have their own greens laid and rolled, as well as to boast a costly covered-in bowling-alley with boarded floors. The co-existence of green and alley made it possible to play the game all the year round.

A story, dear to the hearts of Englishmen and not without foundation in fact, is that of Francis Drake playing a game of



One hundred years ago—Village bowls in 1852



Picture Post Library

Sir George Harvey, P.R.S.A.

bowls when the Spaniards were sighted in the Channel. Samuel Pepys, the famous diarist, has left it on record that he often came on eminent people "at bowles." In modern times even Hitler, who regarded most games as unworthy of his attention, was reputed to be fond of bowls, perhaps because he possessed no mean skill at the game.

The measuring strings with which many modern bowlers equip themselves can nowadays usually bring to a summary end arguments about which player's bowl is nearest the jack. We can only imagine the methods by which bowlers of bygone days settled this thorny point, but we may be sure that the decision would often involve the players in heated disputation.

John Earle, to whom a bowling-alley appeared as a hotbed of wrangling, declared in his *Microcosmographie* of 1628: "For men will cavil here for an hair's breadth, and make a stir where a straw would end the controversy." It was John Earle who condemned the habits of the bowlers of his time by saying that the bowling-alley was a place where three things were thrown away besides bowls: "to wit, time, money, and curses, and the last ten for one."

Traditional capers

It titillates the fancy to learn that the antics of present-day bowlers to control the course and speed of their bowls after they have been delivered is by no means new. Rather are such capers traditional. Indeed, they seem to represent a custom, passed from generation to generation, until—especially in competitive bowling—they have become part and parcel of the game. For Charles Cotton (1630–87), a friend of Izaak Walton and author of a supplement to the *Compleat Angler*, said: "Never did mimmick screw his body into half the forms these men do theirs; and it is an article of their creed that the bending back of the body or screwing in of their shoulders is sufficient to hinder the over-speed of the bowl and that the running after it adds to its speed."

But though he denounced the bowlers' excessive gambling and other undesirable practices, Cotton was ready to acknowledge that the game itself called for skill in plenty. On this point Mr. Norman Wymer in his *Sport in England* writes: "Yet even Cotton had to admit that there was a great art in the game. The greens and alleys, he tells us, varied enormously in their make-up, so that the players had not only to adjust their style accordingly, but also to be careful in their choice of bowls. Whereas, for example, a flat bowl was considered the most suitable choice for a close alley, a 'round byassed' one usually yielded better results on open ground. On the

other hand, for 'green swaths that are plain and level' the bowl could never be too round."

Nor did our ancestors fail to discern the benefits to mind and body to be derived from playing the game. "Bowling in Allayes, the weather convenient, and the bowles fitte to such a game" was one of the health-promoting exercises prescribed by Dr. John Jones for his patients at Buxton in 1572. (The book containing this advice bore the quaint title "The Benefite of the auncient Bathes of Buckstones, which cureth most greevous Sicknesses, never before published: Compiled by John Jones, Phisition.") Whether in conformity with Dr. Jones's recommendation or not, most of the new spas, as they sprang up, included greens or alleys among the attractions for their visitors.

With the exception of archery, bowls is probably the oldest of British outdoor games. There is evidence for believing that bowls in some form or other was played as long ago as the thirteenth century. Probably the first organised bowling club to be formed in England was the Southampton Town Bowling Club, which came into existence in 1299. It is supposed that the green of this famous club has been played on regularly ever since.

Much of the skill and pleasure of playing bowls lies today in making the correct allowance for the bias of the bowl. The idea of giving bias to the bowl was effectively applied in the sixteenth century. Reference both to bowls and bias is made by Shakespeare in *Richard II*, and from the context in which the allusion appears it may be supposed that the game was also played by women. "Madam, we'll play at bowles," suggests a lady as a diversion for the Queen, who replies: "'Twill make me think the world is full of rubs, and that my fortune runs against the bias."

Bowls of rounded stone

The evolution of bowls has made long strides since the rounded stones first used by the pioneers of the game. Rounded stones were superseded by iron bowls, which later gave way to wooden bowls, and it was a long time before the wooden bowl of ball shape was replaced by the shape familiar to the present-day bowler. Bias was first introduced by the insertion of iron or lead in a hole made in the side of the bowl, an outmoded practice to which some bowlers still occasionally resort in order to make the bias of their bowls more to their liking. In keeping with the modern trend, bias is now given to the bowl scientifically by adjusting the bowl's surface so that the personal preferences of bowlers for weak, medium or strong woods are amply provided for.



Bowling-Ball (From a MS in the Douce Collection.)

ICI NEWS

COLONEL BARLEY RETIRES

LT.-COL. Leslie John Barley, D.S.O., Overseas Development Controller of I.C.I., retired at the end of July after a long and distinguished career.

He joined Nobel Industries Ltd. in 1919 as head of their newly formed Development Department. During his career with Nobel Industries and later with I.C.I. he has been continuously concerned with this aspect of the Company's activities, and he was appointed Overseas Development Controller in 1943. His advice has also been available to the organisations on whose boards he has been I.C.I.'s representative: British Titan Products Co. Ltd., of which he was one of the founders in 1933; Hopkin & Williams (Travancore) Ltd.; and the British Export Trade Research Organisation. He is remaining on the board of British Titan Products as vice-chairman until the end of the year.

Col. Barley studied chemistry at London, Kiel and Oxford Universities—although for some reason unknown to his friends he now stoutly denies any knowledge of chemistry or any other science. He was commissioned in the Camerounians in 1913 and went with the 1st Battalion to France in December 1914. When the Germans commenced gas warfare in 1915 he was appointed the first Army Chemical Adviser, and he devised and organised in Flanders one of the first efficient respirators, originated the air-lock method of gas-proofing shelters, and started the training of troops in anti-gas methods. Later, when the Italians were being hard pressed, he went to the Italian front in charge of Gas Services. He ended the war as superintendent of the anti-gas department of the Ministry of Munitions.

With this background it is not surprising that Major Barley—as he then was—was recalled to the forces on the outbreak of the second world war. Once again he advised on chemical

warfare, and in the course of his duties he travelled all over the world. One of his journeys, alone, added up to 80,000 miles, and took him to West and East Africa, Palestine, Persia, India, the Middle East again, South Africa, Ceylon, Australia, New Zealand, across the Pacific, and through Canada and the U.S.A.

All this military service was duly recognised. He was three times mentioned in despatches, and in addition to the D.S.O. received the Croix de Guerre and was made an Officer of the Order of the Crown of Italy and Cavalier of the Order of St. Maurice and St. Lazarus of Jerusalem.

"Much as we all admire Col. Barley's military record," writes a colleague, "we know him best as an old and respected fellow servant of I.C.I."

"To have specialised in Development for the greater part of thirty-three years might suggest a restricted experience, but nothing could be further from the truth. Col. Barley retires with a broader knowledge of the doings of I.C.I. and those of its overseas associates and competitors than most of us can ever hope to attain."

"Any note of this kind would be incomplete without some reference to his character as a

department head; subordinates like to think they are the best judges of the character of their chiefs, and they may be right. Anyone who has had the privilege of serving under Col. Barley will agree that it was pleasant service. A head who can be relied on, as he always could be, to show sympathy with other people's difficulties, appreciation of work done, loyalty to his staff and a never-failing sense of humour will always get the best out of his people, and this he certainly did.

"As one example of his quiet sense of humour there was a case many years ago when I.C.I. was offered a perpetual motion invention by a man who, rather appropriately, wrote from what was called in those days a workhouse. In turning



down the proposal Col. Barley explained that the Company had insufficient faith in the principles upon which the invention was based to allow them to take it up—an understatement which it would be hard to beat.

"All who have come in contact with Col. Barley will miss him when he retires and all will join in wishing him a long and truly happy retirement."

Chairman addresses Society of Chemical Industry

At a dinner held in Aberdeen on 11th July 300 members of the Society of Chemical Industry and representatives of the city and university were entertained by I.C.I.

The dinner marked the end of the Society's 71st annual meeting, which had opened three days earlier with an address by the president, Mr. John Rogers, Chairman of I.C.I. The guests were received by Mr. and Mrs. Rogers and by the chairman of Nobel Division, Dr. W. J. Jenkins and Mrs. Jenkins.

During the dinner, at which Dr. Jenkins presided, toasts were proposed by Dr. A. G. White to the guests, by Dr. James Taylor to the City of Aberdeen, and by Dr. Jenkins to the Society of Chemical Industry, Mr. F. J. Curtis replying for the guests, Baillie Stephen for the City, and Mr. Rogers for the Society.

Later in the evening the guests watched an accomplished performance by the Royal Scottish Country Dance Society.

Mr. Rogers' presidential address earlier in the week stressed the value of good will in national and industrial affairs. If there was one thing more than another that made for advance and happiness, said Mr. Rogers, it was the association of people of good will.

"Many charts are drawn out, with circles, squares, lines and brackets," he said, "and some people seem to think the circles and squares need only contain the names of mediocrities to produce a good system." This, of course, was sheer nonsense, and unless an organisation—which consisted of people, not geometrical figures—were sufficiently elastic to allow for the differences in human beings, it was doomed to failure. On the other hand, almost any reasonable system would work with men of good will.

I.C.I. Man captains Olympic Team

Mr. Harry Whittle, an assistant area engineer from Dye-stuffs Division's Nylon Works, captained the athletics team that represented Britain at Helsinki last month.

The announcement of Mr. Whittle's appointment was made after his phenomenal success at the White City on 21st June, when he won the A.A.A. 440 yards hurdles for the sixth time in succession, finishing in the record time of 53.3 sec.—one-tenth of a second better than his previous record.

Before leaving London he attended a cocktail party at Buckingham Palace at which the Queen, the Duke of Edinburgh and Princess Margaret wished good luck to the 400 Olympic athletes representing Britain and the Commonwealth.

As Britain's competitor in the 400 metres hurdles at Helsinki Mr. Whittle met many old friends and rivals: at the European Championships and Empire Games in 1950 and in the Balkans in 1951 (where he was captain of a British touring team) he had already come up against most of the leading hurdlers of the world.

In the Olympic Games of 1948 Harry Whittle reached the semi-finals of the 400-metre hurdles event and of the long jump. This time he concentrated on hurdling. "I've found



Harry Whittle, Olympic hurdler, in action at Billingham's Synthonia Club

from experience that you can't reach Olympic standard in more than one event," he says.

There is no easy way to become an Olympic hurdler, adds Harry Whittle. "The only way is by training—hard training. Some people might call it hard work, but when you enjoy it as much as I do—well, you could scarcely call it that."

At 30 years of age Mr. Whittle regards himself as old, by hurdling standards ("Findlay didn't retire until he was 40, but he was an exception"). He is unmarried, and spends nearly all his spare time in training. He does not believe that diet, provided it is balanced, affects an athlete's performance, and finds English rations sufficient. Nor does he subscribe to the view that athletes should be subsidised by the state. "If we do our best, enjoy ourselves and compete in the same spirit as Englishmen always have," he said before leaving for Helsinki, "then we shall be satisfied."

The Bombardiers meet Again

Men from eight I.C.I. Divisions who were responsible during the war for developing the PIAT mortar, the 30 lb. incendiary bomb, the "flying dustbin" and the Blacker Bombard met recently at a reunion at West Kirkby, Cheshire.

The I.C.I. Bombardiers, as they call themselves still, have kept in touch with each other since the war by means of the I.C.I. Bombardiers Association. Under the chairmanship of Captain A. Hayton Cowap, their wartime chief, they meet every year to revive the comradeship of the war years. This year they competed, for the first time, for the Bombardiers Golf Trophy, presented by Captain Cowap.

Bombardiers from Alkali, Billingham, Dyestuffs, General Chemicals, Metals, Plastics and Salt Divisions and Wilton were present. Their guests were Mr. H. E. Jackson, chairman of Metals Division, and Mr. C. E. Prosser, joint managing director. At the reunion dinner reminiscences flowed freely, and Mr. Jackson recalled how the 29 mm. Spigot Mortar Ammunition Department—to give the Bombardiers their official wartime title—had come into being through the driving force of

the late Lord Melchett and Col. G. P. Pollitt in response to the Government's urgent call for the production of the Blacker Bombard as an anti-invasion weapon.

The team was divided into sections and turned loose in the Midlands to find sub-contractors who could be trained to make the enormous number of bombs required at short notice. They enlisted manufacturers of pots and pans, celluloid goods, "Eastern" curios, babies' feeding bottles, a repairer of lawnmowers, an antique faker, makers of brushes and combs, toy water-pistols, buttons, brass plaques, watches and safety pins.



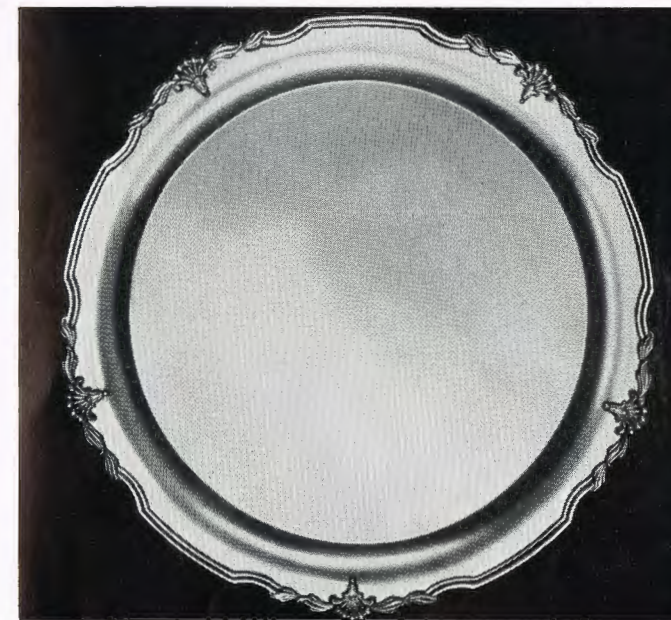
A group of I.C.I. Bombardiers at their reunion

The Bombardiers soon had them working at such high pressure that the Blacker contract was completed in record time.

On the second day of the reunion the golfing members competed for the golf trophy. It was deservedly won by Mr. Jackson, who returned a score of 78 net in spite of atrocious weather over the last four holes.

The New 40 Years' Service Award

It was announced at the Central Works Council meeting in May that in future a silver salver would be offered to all recipients of 40 years' service awards as an alternative to a clock.



The silver salver offered as an alternative to a clock for 40 years' service

We are now able to reproduce a photograph of the new award. The actual size of the salver is 12 in. across, and it will be inscribed with the recipient's name in the same way as other Long Service Awards.

HEAD OFFICE

Imperial Chemicals Insurance Director Honoured

Mr. N. J. Freeman, a director of Imperial Chemicals Insurance Ltd., has been appointed a vice-president of the Insurance Institute of London. The Institute has a membership of more than 8000, and this is the first time that a member of I.C.I. has been appointed to its board.

This honour comes to Mr. Freeman after 6½ years with Imperial Chemicals Insurance Ltd. He was appointed secretary of that company in 1947 and a director in 1950. Before the war he was with a Liverpool insurance company.

Mr. Freeman saw war service as a pilot in the R.A.F.V.R., and was mentioned in despatches. For the latter part of the war he served at Fighter Command H.Q. and as a member of the Services Joint Administrative Planning Staff at Whitehall.

He still retains an interest in flying as a hobby, and is an authority on the subject of flying in relation to commerce. In 1946 the Institute of Export published his *Civil Aviation and the Export Trade* as a textbook, and he acted as special adviser to the J. Arthur Rank Organisation for their documentary film *Tomorrow by Air*.



Mr. N. J. Freeman

ALKALI DIVISION

Major G. H. Brunner

Another link between the Works of the Alkali Division and their founders was severed with the death of Major G. H. Brunner, who died on 27th June after an illness lasting several months. He was a nephew of Sir John Brunner, co-founder of Brunner, Mond and Co.

Godfrey Hugh Brunner joined the family business at Winnington in 1908; he was already a trained engineer, having studied in Canada at McGill University. As a Territorial officer he served in the army from the outbreak of the first world war until he was seconded to the Ministry of Munitions at Lestock Works in 1916. He returned to Winnington for a couple of years after the war before going to Wallerscote, where he was construction and works engineer for the erection of the new works. Very shortly after Wallerscote Works was started up he moved on to Fleetwood Works in May 1927 as chief engineer and was works manager from June 1931 up to the time of his transfer to Middlewich ten years later. He retired in 1943.

After retiring, Major Brunner continued to live in the Poulton-le-Fylde district, and until quite recently he took an interest in the social activities at Fleetwood Works. He was a past president of the Fylde ex-Officers' Association and was chairman of the Governors of Baines Grammar School. His

life was distinguished by qualities everyone admired: quiet efficiency, uniform courtesy and great kindness of heart.

Broadcast By Winnington Mezzo-Soprano

Miss Cicely Buckley, who delighted lunchtime listeners to the North Region Home Service on 11th June with her mezzo-soprano voice, is in private life Mrs. Cyril Peover, a short-hand-typist in the Staff Department at Winnington and the wife of a member of the Northern Region Sales Office staff.



Miss Cicely Buckley

In a programme shared with Roger Morris (tenor) and with Nancy Harris as accompanist, Miss Buckley sang four songs, "Per la gloria" and "La Calandrina" from eighteenth century Italy, "The Blackbird's Song" by Cyril Scott, and "The Fairy Tailor" by Michael Head.

This was Miss Buckley's first adult broadcast, although she has been on the air three times before as a child performer in Children's Hour. In those early days she sang, whistled and danced. During the war she appeared in many charity concerts for the entertainment of the forces. She has twice played principal boy in pantomimes in Northwich and was once in the pantomime cast at the Palace Theatre, Manchester.

After winning a silver cup for the best singer in her class at the Buxton Musical Festival in 1945, Miss Buckley gave up variety work and conserved her energies for a serious study of singing. For several years she has been taught by Miss Madge Taylor of the Marchesi Academy in Manchester and London. She has been engaged for numerous concerts in the North of England and last year she sang at an official banquet at the Manchester Town Hall. Her repertoire now includes German lieder, operatic arias, old Italian songs and modern English songs.

BILLINGHAM DIVISION

Scholarship for Prudhoe Fitter

Mr. W. E. Garratt, a fitter on Prudhoe's Ammonia Plant, has won a T.U.C. scholarship at the London School of Economics. Competition for these scholarships, which are open to all trade unions, is very keen, and this is only the second time that a north-eastern competitor has been successful in gaining a place. The course, which starts in October, includes economics, sociology, statistics, English literature and one foreign language.

Mr. Garratt is a shop steward convenor of the A.E.U. at Prudhoe and an official of the site shop stewards' committee. As a member of Prudhoe Urban District Council he takes a prominent part in local government affairs. He joined Prudhoe in 1943 straight from an apprenticeship with Vickers-Armstrongs, and has been a works councillor most of the time he has been at the factory.

If Mr. Garratt successfully completes the course he may take up a research appointment with the trades union or become a T.U. full-time official.

Chargehand elected Chairman of U.D.C.

Mr. W. E. Firth, Chargehand A(L)A in the Process Laboratories of Products Works, and a Billingham works councillor for the past eighteen years, has been elected chairman of Guisborough Urban District Council. He was vice-chairman last year. Earlier this year he was also elected to the County Council of the North Riding of Yorkshire.

Mr. Firth first entered public life in 1947, when he was elected a member of the Guisborough U.D.C., and has since been active in local government affairs. He is chairman of both the local National Savings and Voluntary Care Committees, secretary of the Guisborough Road Safety Committee, a member of the Health Sub-committee and a member of the Tees-side Development Board and the Tees-side Smoke Abatement Committee. In the County Council he serves on the County Health and Mental Health Services Committees.



Mr. W. E. Firth

DYESTUFFS DIVISION

Apprentice Plumber shows how it's Done

A novel feature of the recent Building Trades Exhibition held at the City Hall, Manchester, was an "Apprentices at Work" section in which a number of apprentices carried out their various crafts in full view of the visitors to the exhibition. Terence Bourke, an apprentice plumber at the Blackley Works of Dyestuffs Division, had the honour to be one of the apprentices selected, and his task was the plumbing of a bathroom. His selection was not haphazard: he had proved his worth by winning first prize for third year plumbing work in



Apprentice Terence Bourke demonstrates plumbing at the City Hall, Manchester

an apprentices' competition which was another feature of the exhibition. Entries were received from a wide area of Lancashire.

Terence, who started his apprenticeship in August 1948, takes an enthusiastic interest in his work and attends both day and night classes at a local school of building, where he is taking a City and Guilds course in plumber's work. His enthusiasm extends to other spheres of activity too; perhaps the most enjoyable is the Scout movement, in which he is a cub leader.

Another exhibition may be held in 1953. Although this is a long way off, Terence is already determined to repeat his success.

METALS DIVISION

Witton Defends Itself

The first large-scale Civil Defence exercise to be staged in I.C.I. since the war was held at Kynoch Works on 18th June.

To all intents and purposes Witton was at war for two hours. Everything possible had been done to make the exercise grimly realistic. "Bombs," practice incendiaries and real fires



Witton at war: Civil Defence firemen in action

created plenty of problems for rescue, fire and first aid services, who also had to face just the kind of emergency (such as destruction of the warden's post or breakdown of communications) likely to occur in a raid.

Sections of trained Civil Defence personnel on duty included control officers, wardens, rescue teams, fire-fighting and first aid groups and—not least—a party of volunteer "casualties." Observers saw much efficient work, including the dramatic rescue of an injured man from a second-floor window, by all the services, and the energy and enthusiasm with which these trained volunteers tackle their duties was much in evidence.

Division Headquarters under Water

The English climate is full of surprises, but the box of tricks displayed for Birmingham's benefit on Tuesday, 1st July, was in a class of its own. To quote the official statistics: "In 45 minutes, 0.825 in. of rain fell, 0.5 in. of this falling in 10 minutes; lightning flashes towards the end of the storm came every one or two seconds; the temperature fell from 82 to 68 degrees in 15 minutes."

This is how the Magazine correspondent describes it:

It was hot. At 3 p.m. the temperature was 84 degrees at the Edgbaston Observatory and nearer 94 degrees in some shops and offices. As we left for home in the evening the skies darkened and all traces of air seemed to disappear from the atmosphere. Before we had finished our evening meal intensely blue lightning was splintering the gloom in non-stop flashes, heavy thunder was rolling ceaselessly and rain was



Witton under water; children paddle among stranded cars outside the main gates after Birmingham's big storm

hurtling down with tropic force. Even at the start it seemed unduly spectacular; towards the end, when lumps of hail as big as strawberries replaced the rain, it quite ceased to be entertaining—especially to those of us who were swilling out drains, battling with flooded gutters and sloshing thigh-deep through drowned yards and cellars.

Mercifully the ensuing night was free from natural freaks, and it was not until the morning that we realised our amateur estimates had not, for once, been over-dramatised. Witton, home of Metals Division headquarters, had caught the full fury of the storm, and we approached the main offices through a sickening smear of mud and rubbish. Layers of mud, water and filth covered the floors and climbed the walls; linoleum floated in evil-smelling tatters or ballooned into odd, elastic bubbles; books and papers, soaked and stained, curled into soggy heaps. One department (its premises may be seen on the right of the accompanying photograph) had to be evacuated forthwith; other sections camped damply for a few days, stripped, bleak and festooned with decaying documents.

Good Ideas

Four men with big ideas are in the news at Kynoch Works this month, and a great many people will have reason to bless their enterprise.

Mr. J. Faizey, of Transport Maintenance Section, devised a way of cutting maintenance costs on Fordson tractors, an idea which brought him a £60 award through the Suggestion Scheme and which will indirectly benefit employees in many production departments.

Three colleagues in C Factory submitted among them three practicable suggestions for simplifying or mechanising one or other of the many intricate processes which go to making metallic cartridges. Mr. E. T. Hunter and Mr. H. Saxon, working together, suggested a method of reducing the amount of servicing required on a conveyor system, and earned

a joint award of £50. Mr. A. Thomas completed the trio of bright ideas from C Factory with two mechanising devices and augmented the total of June Suggestion Scheme awards by two sums of £62 10s.

NOBEL DIVISION

Ardeer Pipe Band Honoured

When Her Majesty the Queen inspected detachments of the Sea Cadets, the Army Cadet Force and the Air Training Corps in Edinburgh on 28th June, the Ardeer Factory Cadet Pipe Band was selected for the honour of leading the march past of the Army Cadets.

Our picture shows the band approaching the Queen at the salute. To the left of the rostrum is a detachment of the Queen's Bodyguard for Scotland, the Royal Company of Archers.



Ardeer pipe band salutes the Queen at Edinburgh

Legion Appointment

Mr. T. C. Hamilton, deputy labour officer, Ardeer, has been paid a richly deserved compliment by the British Legion, Scotland. Towards the end of June he was elected vice-chairman, an office of eminence and responsibility.



Mr. T. C. Hamilton

"T.C.," as he is known to thousands, has done much work for the British Legion, locally in his home town, regionally in Ayrshire, and nationally. He has represented the British Legion, Scotland, at many big events in recent years. He has been chairman of the Ayrshire Area Council since 1940 and a member of the Scottish National Executive Council for sixteen years. Among many public activities he finds time to be vice-chairman of Ardeer Recreation Club, vice-chairman of the Scottish Industrial Sports Association, a member of the Ayrshire Disablement Advisory Panel and a member of the National Insurance Advisory Committee, Ayrshire.

Division entertains Mines Safety Delegates

Dr. W. J. Jenkins was in the chair on 9th July when the Division played host to delegates to the 7th International Conference of Directors of Safety in Mines Research at a dinner in Buxton.

The guests were received by Sir Arthur Smout and Dr. Jenkins. Among the toasts was one proposed by Sir Arthur Smout to the delegates and guests, in which he paid a tribute to the mining industry and to those who worked for greater safety in mines. Mr. H. P. Greenwald, of the U.S. Bureau of Mines, replied for the delegates, and Col. G. G. H. Bolton (chairman, N. W. Division, National Coal Board) for the guests.

Nobel Division, which is closely concerned with questions of mine safety, was represented at the conference by Mr. J. E. Lambert (production director), Mr. J. Hancock (manager of Technical Service Dept.) and Dr. Wilfred Taylor (assistant manager, Research Dept.).

Jock and Jean in Trouble

Westquarter's swans, Jock and Jean, whose fame has become more than local since they appeared on the back cover of the *Magazine*, have had the peace of their home shattered by an interloper.

One day last month Jean sat patiently brooding on the eggs in the nest while Jock foraged in the waters of the Union Canal. It was a beautiful evening. Then down the serene waters of the Canal swam the strangers: a proud father and mother and eight cygnets. The cob turned inwards with his flotilla towards the Westquarter nest. Jock resented this, and circled the invader.



Jock and Jean, the Westquarter swans, with their new family

The two cobs sparred, and the invader managed to seize Jock by the back of the neck. When Jock's friends in the factory came to the rescue twenty minutes later his head was being held under water. After a great deal of exciting work they managed to separate the two cobs. The stranger retired, and Jock went home to nurse a nasty gash in the neck.

Some days of peace followed, during which four of Jock and Jean's cygnets hatched out. But the stranger returned, as aggressive as ever, on 20th May, and a second fight followed, even more ferocious than the first. It lasted for over an hour. In the end the friends of the Westquarter swans managed to separate the battered antagonists, and the stranger, with his pen and cygnets, retired once more down the canal.

Now a protective steel net has been hung from the bridge which will make it very difficult for any aggressor to reach Jock and Jean's territory.

PLASTICS DIVISION

Justice of the Peace at 41

Mr. H. A. H. Burgess, maintenance supervisor, Estate and Establishment Department, Welwyn, has been appointed a Justice of the Peace for the County of Hertford.

At 41 Mr. Burgess will be among the younger members of the local Bench. He has always been interested in the welfare of young people and hopes to have the opportunity of serving on the Juvenile Bench from time to time. In this connection his experience gained with the Boy Scout movement, of which he is commissioner for Hertford and district, should stand him in good stead. Mr. Burgess's other interests are amateur dramatics, sailing and boat-building—hobbies that he freely shares with his young friends in the Scout movement.

Plastics Men go to Sea

Two members of Plastics Division recently sailed 400 miles in H.M.S. *Amphion*, the submarine adopted by the Division in 1944. They were Dr. A. H. Willbourn, of Research Department, and Mr. A. W. Norman, of Duplicating and Photographic Section.

Dr. Willbourn and Mr. Norman were chosen from among many applicants anxious to avail themselves of the invitation from the submarine's commanding officer, Lt. Cdr. M. Hickie. Their voyage was from Liverpool to Portsmouth and took forty hours—"On the surface," says Dr. Willbourn with something very like relief. "The weather was not ideal, and in fact we rolled fairly heavily in the Bristol Channel when we left the shelter of Ireland."

The submarine entered Portsmouth harbour late at night. "For the first time," says Dr. Willbourn, "the officers could look forward to sleeping for more than about four hours at a stretch. For the *Amphion* it was a slow and rather dull passage; for us it was quite an experience."



Dr. Willbourn on the bridge of *Amphion* with Lt. Cdr. Hickie

SALT DIVISION

Nigerian Minister's Visit

On 1st July Salt Division was visited by the Hon. A. C. Nwapa, the Nigerian Minister for Commerce and Industries. Mr. Nwapa is the first Minister to be appointed to this post under the new Nigerian constitution. He is at present in this



The Nigerian Minister of Commerce and Industries with (left) the chairman of Salt Division and (right) Mr. Cox and Mr. Rosser

country to investigate the possibility of increasing United Kingdom exports to Nigeria; salt is one of Nigeria's principal imports.

During his visit to the Salt Division the Minister was accompanied by Mr. A. V. Cox, Director of Commerce and Industries, Nigeria; Mr. D. H. Rosser, the Trade Commissioner for Nigeria; and Mr. T. F. Bolter, private secretary to the Minister. The party saw the vacuum salt plant at Weston Point and then went on to Winsford, where they saw the mine and an open pan plant. They were entertained to lunch at Winsford by the Division chairman, Mr. C. R. Prichard, and Division directors.

THE REGIONS

Selected for Olympic Hockey Team

Mr. S. T. Theobald, Agricultural representative for the South-western Area, was selected to play in the British hockey team which competed in the Olympic Games at Helsinki.

Mr. Theobald only took up hockey seriously six years ago, when he was demobilised from the 6th Airborne Division and went to Edinburgh University to study for his B.Sc. At preparatory school he had been spurred on by his father's offer of 6d. for every goal that he scored in school matches; but the offer was withdrawn after a match in which he laid out the goalkeeper in the first five minutes and thereafter scored sixteen goals.



Mr. S. T. Theobald

He played for Edinburgh University in 1947 and was capped for Scotland in 1949. Since then he has played for Scotland a dozen times and has toured South Africa with a combined British and Irish team. During this tour he became engaged to a Durban girl, and the wedding is to take place in this country in the autumn.

The British Olympic hockey team underwent a vigorous course of training and went to Helsinki with high hopes of reaching the final and beating India, the holders of the Olympic title.

I.C.I. (BELGIUM)

Managing Director Retires

Mr. P. R. Koekkoek, managing director of I.C.I. (Belgium), retired at the end of May. At a farewell dinner, held in the Palais des Beaux Arts in Brussels, his successor, Mr. H. O. Watts, recalled that at the time of its foundation in 1946 the Company had consisted of Mr. Koekkoek, one chair and one table; now the staff numbered sixty persons.

On behalf of the staff Mr. Watts presented Mr. Koekkoek with an inscribed silver cigarette case. To the pleasure of everyone present Mr. Robert van Horen, director of I.C.I. (Belgium), announced that in recognition of his services to Belgium's Commerce, Mr. Koekkoek was to be made a Chevalier de l'Ordre de la Couronne.

I.C.I. (CHINA)

Mr. H. J. Collar

Mr. H. J. Collar, C.B.E., the vice-chairman of I.C.I. (China), has been appointed an unofficial member of the Hong Kong Legislative Council, with effect from 9th May, 1952.

Mr. Collar also recently became chairman of the Hong Kong General Chamber of Commerce.

I.C.I. (EGYPT)

Cairo v. Alexandria Soccer Match

Every year a football match takes place between the staffs of Cairo head office and Alexandria branch office of I.C.I. (Egypt) S.A., and it usually turns out to be one of the highlights of the inter-office activities of the company.

The 1952 football match played recently was no exception.



Cairo head office football team rejoice in their victory

This year the Cairo head office team won by two goals to nil after a most keenly contested and noisily supported game. The standard of football in this match was as high as ever, and a most noticeable feature was the extraordinary agility and speed of the players on the field.

Cairo head office and Alexandria branch office have had football teams for many years, and they are seen most week-ends in various leagues which are run in Cairo and Alexandria.

To encourage these inter-office football matches a challenge cup was offered in 1951 to be competed for over three years, the team winning most matches in these three years becoming the permanent holder. In 1951 the winner was only decided after three games had been played, the first two resulting in draws even after extra time. Alexandria Office eventually won the third match in that year, but in 1952 the Cairo head office team won, also after a very severe tussle. The decider for the cup, to be played in 1953, will undoubtedly produce great excitement.

I.C.I. (INDIA)

Retirement of Mr. K. A. Mullan

A farewell party was held recently on the roof garden of Crescent House, Bombay, in honour of Mr. K. A. Mullan, who was retiring after 20 years' service. It was attended by the staff of Dyes Department and Factory and Bombay Divisional sales office. Mr. Oakley, a managing director of I.C.I. (India), made a speech in which he paid tribute to the 20 years' service rendered to the Company by Mr. Mullan as a salesman, and presented him with a certificate in a plastic frame.

Mr. Mullan started his career as a dyes merchant in Bombay in 1922. In 1923 he joined Killick Nixons, who were then selling dyes obtained as reparations from Germany. Later he joined Duponts, and in 1931 he joined I.C.I. as a mill salesman and operated with considerable success against very keen German competition.

Mr. Mullan is a keen student of agriculture and has a small farm outside Bombay where he is able to put into practice his theories on the subject.

* * *

OUR NEXT ISSUE

Mr. Sidney Rogerson, former publicity Controller, who is now on loan to the War Office, tells in September the inside story of how the Company's prestige advertising was built up. Not everyone will realise that I.C.I. is a pioneer in this form of advertising and its style has imitators the world over. Our prestige advertising originated in the dark days of the war, when many publications were badly hit through lack of advertising revenue.

Our colour article features the beautiful Lady Lever Art Gallery at Port Sunlight, a gallery that is within visiting range of so many of our works. This gallery, with its happy mixture of pictures, furniture, carpets and porcelain, is a model of what an art gallery can be and displays its treasures in the atmosphere of a luxurious and elegantly furnished home.

Next Mr. W. S. McLintock of Glasgow describes a summer R.N.V.R. cruise in Norwegian waters in H.M.S. *Blackburn*. Lastly Miss Dorothy Thomas satirises with penetrating wit the foibles of audiences at amateur dramatics.

THE FILM ABOUT IRELAND

By Desmond Wyeth
(The Kynoch Press)

Illustrated by "Capon"



... it's Captain O'Callory at your service I am

"WE are going to make a film about Ireland," said the unit director, who was from South Kensington, "and you"—he looked at me sympathetically—"you are going to write the treatment and script."

Crumballs Cement Industries Ltd., in common with many large concerns, employed its own film unit in making documentary films, mainly to inform one half of the vast industry how the other half lived and worked.

I had felt that there was something difficult in the wind when Mannering, the unit director, had assembled the cameraman, the unit magazine editor and myself in his office. The director usually liked to write the treatments himself. I knew he was passing the buck to me. My usual job was to dissect the treatment and write the shooting script.

"But I've never been to Ireland," I murmured faintly.

"The Company are interested in a peat development scheme over there, so we're making a film about Ireland and you're writing the script. This," he said "is your Big Chance."

"But I've never been . . ."

"Remember, we need the human touch, the Longing for Old Ireland, maybe an exiled Irishman in god-forsaken England dreaming of the peat bogs and the heather. Originality, that's what we need," he said firmly.

"You get heather in Scotland," said the magazine editor.

"What is a spalpeen?" asked the cameraman; "and did they really exile any of the Irish?"

That evening I sat dejected in my flat before a typewriter containing a piece of paper, blank save for the title:

CONCRETE FROM PEAT

"I must do something," I moaned to myself between clenched teeth and cursed Mannering. I felt an Irishman longing for Ireland to be the direct enemy of originality. I typed:

An elderly Irishman is seen leaning on a breakwater gazing out to sea. To the strains of "Danny Boy" he says "I am longing for old Ireland."

A good start. I cheered up, and then instead of *I am longing for old Ireland* I wrote *For it's old Ireland I'm longing for, it is bedad, so it is.*

The new tenants in the flat above dropped what I visualised to be a grand piano on their floor. I winced and continued.

The Irishman slowly fades away and we see the peat bogs. To the melody of "Macnamara's Band" the Irishman's voice continues. "I was brought up in/on the peat bogs, so I was. I was for ever adigging and ascraping at the stuff with me bare hands and all, and me that had not the strength at all—until I was seven years in the world—to handle a peat-cutter." A primitive peat-cutter is shown . . .

The grand piano fell again upstairs. The shock set me bolt upright in my chair. I crossed to the window, opened it, leaned out, looked up at the lighted window above me and

shouted "QUIET, ye spalpeens! Is it no peace a man will be having in his labours for an honest living and all? Be still, or it's the breath from your body I'll be having!"

There was an awful hush for about ten seconds, and I paled with horror. What had I said? Then came a roar from the window above: "The saints be praised! Another Irishman in this unholy place!"

I shrank back into the room and cowered behind my typewriter. A second later my door burst open and a red-haired giant hurled himself at me with an outstretched hand, seized mine and mangled it. "It's Captain O'Callory at your service I am, and I've sworn to blood the nose of the next Englishman I meet, and I hope you're with me!"

That was roughly what he said. I realised from that moment on that I must be Irish or die at this man's hands.

"And what might your name be after being?" He leered affectionately towards me and I caught the smell of whisky.

"It's after being Smith," I lied.

"Sounds after being English," he stiffened suspiciously.

"No!" I panicked. "It's really O'Smith—I mean—after being O'Smith," I was feeling the strain.

"Good!" he slapped me hard on the back so that my teeth rattled. "I'll be after fetching me wife and daughter down to you" (or did he say "yez"?).

Before I dared to protest he was out of the door and raging for his wife and daughter to honour me, and to the devil with arranging the furniture. His wife looked as strong as he only shorter, with black hair parted in the middle and straked back like a seal's coat to a bun at the back.

"And this, O'Smith," he said, "is Mrs. O'Callory." Her hand felt like the blade of an oar.

"It was you, was it," she said, "hollering fit to raise the clouds over Dublin?"

I wilted. "That it was, and may the saints forgive me!" This, I considered, was a master stroke: I was getting the atmosphere. Then her daughter walked, or rather drifted in—a lovely creature of about twenty-four. "Kathy," intoned O'Callory, "Meet Mr. O'Smith."

Emboldened by my success so far, I took her limp hand held out to me. "Indeed it's a fine girl you'll be and no mistake," I beamed, the blarney shooting out of my eyes and taking her in from top to toe. She froze me with a stare, and in accents not likely to disgrace even one of those schools which are advertised as being for the daughters of gentlemen said: "How quaint! With the people I know I find it so difficult to retain one's native brogue." She extracted her hand and looked out of the window. I blushed to the roots of my hair and forced myself to whisper "Now you're all here it's a drink you must be having and it's me that'll give it you. Please sit yez down."

"That we will!" said O'Callory. "And make it whisky, for I'll not mix my drinks." He already smelt like an empty whisky keg. His wife also nodded for whisky.

"And your charming daughter?" Standing by the window she had that semi-ecstatic look of one who has spent half her life in the gallery at Covent Garden and the other half queueing up to get in. She looked at me as though I might possibly poison her drink. "If I must, an orangeade with gin."

"Gin and orange," I said.

She shuddered. "Yes."

I returned with the drinks, red in the face with anxiety and sweating like a pig.

"Mr. O'Smith," glinted O'Callory's wife, "I should be pleased to know the labour you'll be occupied with at such an ungodly hour (it was eight o'clock) that the likes of us should be disturbing you by moving a few small pieces of furniture."

I took a deep breath. "It's a script I'm writing it is, so it is."

"Is it?" said Kathy O'Callory, coming out of her coma by the window. Her eyes were less glazed and she regarded me almost with interest. "You're not a writer, surely?" I nodded, my ears blistering.

"And why not, indeed?" roared O'Callory, waving his empty glass and staggering to his feet. "Here's to you, O'Smith! The Irish were always great ones for writing, playing and singing. Look at O'Casey and Shaw, and now by Heaven it's O'Smith. Can you play the Irish harp, O'Smith?"

"I can't," I said.

"Well, I can," he affirmed, "and it's off upstairs I am to get it down and to teach you how to play the heavenly thing."

I blenched, but his wife had him by the coat tails and jerked him down beside her. "Sit quiet, will you! The thing's too heavy to be carrying about the house, and you're so gone with the drink that it's with your head through the strings at the bottom of the stairs you'd finish."

"What is your script for, Mr. O'Smith," asked Kathy.

Grateful for a change of subject, I replied "For a film, a film about Ireland."

Up jumped O'Callory with another roar. "And no better subject would you find, though you searched every land on this unholy planet! Read me some of it, O'Smith!" and he slumped back with his eyes shut. I protested mildly. "Read it!" he said. I sat behind my typewriter and read:

"An elderly Irishman is seen leaning on a breakwater gazing out to sea. To the strains of 'Danny Boy' he says 'For it's old Ireland I'm longing for, it is bedad, so it is.'"

"And so he should!" murmured O'Callory, half asleep. I continued.

"To the strains of 'Macnamara's Band' he says 'I was brought up in the peats bogs, so I was . . .'" To my horror I saw that tears were rolling down his cheeks.

"Have you ever heard 'Macnamara's Band' played on the Irish harp?" he enquired.

"No," I replied. He leaped to his feet.

"Then you shall!" he cried. "You deserve it." And suddenly he rushed from the room.

"He's gone for the harp," said his wife, "and he'll break his neck if I don't help him." So off she went, leaving me alone with Kathy. She came closer.

"You're not Irish," she said.

"No," I confessed miserably. "I'm not."

"Father would murder you if he found out," she stated.

She drew menacingly closer and my ears turned redder. Her eyes had rather an odd look. "I like you," she said.

"No, not that—no, please not that," I prayed, "after all I've been through."

"As a man of letters," she insinuated, "you must believe in freedom."

"Of course," I said.

"Freedom for one to take a lover to live, to Grasp One's Opportunities?"

This was a bit strong. I felt she had seen *La Bohème* too many times, but I did not say so. I said "Yes, of course."

She suddenly clasped my neck, kissed my left ear and nibbled the lobe. Fear struck me rigid—I must keep calm.

"Supposing," I said quietly, "your father should see you do that?"

"He'd murder you," she murmured softly.

Panic-stricken, I took refuge behind my typewriter. A series of muffled thuds and jangling discords interspersed with poetic Irish oaths and a long-drawn-out howl of pain transfixed us.

"Careful, woman, careful, or it's in heaven you'll have me with the thing before me time!"

Then through the door stumbled the O'Callorys, staggering under the weight of an enormous harp. The impetus of it took them at a little run towards the window, and for one awful moment I thought they were through it. They stopped in time and set it on the floor.

"Heaven be praised!" said O'Callory. "We're alive! And now, O'Smith," he said, pointing a finger at me where I stood with starting eyes, "you're to hear such music as will bring tears to your eyes and a longing to your very soul, so you will. It's slightly out of tune, but no matter." And running his fingers across the strings he produced the most horrible sequence of sounds that it has been my lot to hear. It was appalling.

"What is he playing?" I yelled through the din to Kathy. She looked out of the window, having obviously lost interest. And all the time O'Callory's eyes were tight shut. The tears streamed down his cheeks, and from his mouth issued a weird banshee-like wail that made my hair stand on end. I looked at his wife; she was expressionless, drinking my whisky.

I became aware of a violent hammering on the flat door, and half dazed I opened it. There stood Mannering, the unit director, his face livid. "Good Lord, man," he said, "I thought you must be deaf! About that script. I . . ." A glassy look came into his eyes. "What the devil," he said, "is that?" As in a trance we both came to where O'Callory sat making his fiendish music. Immediately he stopped playing and opened his eyes. He rose to his feet and looked at Mannering.

"You English?" he asked.

"Of course," snapped Mannering. O'Callory's fist shot



. . . he produced the most horrible sequence of sounds

out and Mannering lay on his back perfectly unconscious, and O'Callory continued his harping with an angelic expression.

"Good God!" I said to Kathy. "He's knocked him out."

"Yes, and he looks so handsome lying there," she gloated. "He looks as though he might believe in free love."

She helped me to get him into my bedroom, and we stretched him out on the bed. The harping trickled into silence and I left Kathy with Mannering while I went to find

out the cause. There stood Mrs. O'Callory, supporting her half-drunk, half-asleep better half. "He's gone at last," she sighed, "and now it's some peace we'll be having. Is it kind enough you are to help me to get him upstairs?"

I put one of his arms gingerly over my shoulder and helped her get him through the door. Half-way up the stairs he stirred in his stupor and I went rigid with fear in case he should explode into a whirlwind of muscle. We got him to bed at last.

"It's most grateful I am," said Mrs. O'Callory. "We'll call for the harp in the morning."

I staggered down the stairs weak with exhaustion and feeling slightly hysterical. Opening my bedroom door I was shocked into immobility. There was Mannering quite recovered, with his arms locked about Kathy O'Callory, who was peppering his face with audible kisses and half strangling him.

I coughed painfully and Mannering leaped up as though he had been stung. He was a dreadful sight. His tie was askew, his collar torn, his eyes peered through a hedge of hair which hung over his forehead, and the rest of his face was covered with lipstick. For one instant we remained motionless, a ghastly waxworks tableau. Then quietly I went out of the room, shut the door, and carried on with my typing.

"Your face," said the cameraman to Mannering the next morning, "is swollen."

"About that script," said Mannering, talking to me but looking over my left shoulder. "If you feel you'd rather not write it I could pass the job on."

"I am," I said, "managing fairly well, and it's some interesting local colour I have on my very doorstep. You must come round."

Mannering said that it was not very likely that he would come round. At least, I think he said "very."



"Resting Place"

Photo by Rowland Hill ('Terylene' Council)